

# THE WEEKLY LANCASTER GAZETTE.

THE UNION OF THE STATES—ONE COUNTRY—ONE DESTINY.

VOL. 1.

LANCASTER, OHIO, THURSDAY, DEC. 13, 1860.

NO. 37.

## The Lancaster Gazette.

CLARKE, KOOKEN & SUTPHEN,  
EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

Office:  
Tallmadge Block—Third Story—to the  
Left at the Head of the Stairs.

**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.**  
The Gazette will be published every Thursday, on  
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For the expiration of 6 months \$0.50  
For less than one year, at the rate of \$1.50  
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**BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.**  
We are prepared to execute all descriptions of JOB  
WORK, such as CARDS, CIRCULARS, PORTERS,  
BALLET TICKETS, and every other variety of PLAIN  
AND FANCY JOB PRINTING, with new and superior type,  
and on short notice.

**COUNTY OFFICERS.**  
Judge of Probate—CLARENCE PLATT—HENRY  
C. WHITMAN, Residence Lancaster, Ohio.  
Prosecuting Attorney—JAMES W. STINCHCOMB,  
Residence Lancaster, Ohio.  
Recorder of Deeds—JOHN C. BAILEY, Office Public  
Building.

**H. H. GIESY,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
LANCASTER, OHIO.  
Office in the Glass Buildings, West of  
Hocking Valley Bank.

**K. FRITZER,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Insurance and Collecting Agent,  
LANCASTER, OHIO.  
Office in the new City Hall—Entrance on  
Broadway.

**VIRGIL E. SHAW**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
LANCASTER, OHIO.  
Office—On Main Street, over Ricketts' Drug  
Store.

**H. H. HUNTER & SON,**  
Attorneys and Counselors at Law.  
Office—Shaffer House, up stairs, Entrance West  
Market Street.

**S. WELDY,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
LANCASTER, OHIO.  
Office—Tallmadge Building, Main Street.  
Lancaster, April 12, 1860—417

**STINCHCOMB & CLARKE,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
LANCASTER, OHIO.  
Office—Tallmadge Block—Second Story—First  
door to the right at the head of the Stairs.

**TALL SLOUGH,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
LANCASTER, OHIO.  
Prompt attention given to Collections.  
Office—In the Glass Buildings, West of  
Hocking Valley Bank.

**W. T. WISE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
LANCASTER, OHIO.  
Office—In the Glass Buildings, West of  
Hocking Valley Bank.

**DR. J. G. HAMILL,**  
Dentist.  
Office and residence the same.  
Recently occupied by Dr. H. Scott  
on Broadway, one square South  
of Market.

**H. L. CRIDER,**  
RESIDENT DENTIST,  
LANCASTER, OHIO.  
TENDER his professional services to the public  
in all kinds of dental work, done in the  
most and most desirable manner.  
Office—In the Glass Buildings, West of  
Hocking Valley Bank.

**H. SPRINGER**  
MERCHANT TAILOR,  
Tallmadge Block, Main Street,  
LANCASTER, OHIO.

**BRENNAMAN'S**  
IMPROVED CHAIN PUMP!  
I HAVE REMOVED MY SHOP from my former  
stand on Broadway in Lancaster, to my residence  
on a half mile West of town, on the pike, where  
I am manufacturing my improved chain pump, and  
will fill orders on short notice, and warrant satisfaction  
in all cases.  
JANUARY 1860—417

**EXCHANGE BANK**  
OF  
LANCASTER, OHIO.  
Main Street, Lancaster, Ohio.  
GOLD AND SILVER BOUGHT AND SOLD  
at the highest market rate for cash—also  
exchange on all parts of the world.  
For the rate of exchange, call on the  
cashier.  
Lancaster, February 7, 1860—417

**BLACKSMITHING**  
HUNTER & SON.  
In their old stand, on Center Alley,  
near Mulberry Street, continue their  
business in all kinds of smithing, such as  
wheels, iron, all kinds of work belonging to the  
farming interest; wagon-work, and special  
attention to shoeing. Give us your work, we do all  
the job on the shortest notice. Special attention  
given to making and repairing mill-picks.  
Lancaster, May 24, 1860—417

## Books Books

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS;  
SCHOOL BOOKS;

A new assortment of  
**Juvenile Books;**

Lyons Books of all kinds, and all kinds of  
**Blank Books;**

PAPER—CAP, LEGAL, COMMERCIAL  
and Note, of the finest quality.

**MEMORANDUM AND PASS BOOKS,**  
and Copybooks of all kinds. A fine and new assortment  
of **Portfolios, Wallets, and Pocket  
Books,** very cheap.

**PICTURES**  
of every variety, and cheaper than can be bought else-  
where.

**Moulding for Picture Frames,**  
of all sizes—cheap!

**WALL PAPER**  
always on hand, and WINDOW BLINDS, and a great  
variety of

**FANCY ARTICLES,**  
which will be sold very low for cash.

**OUR UNION SAVED.**  
MAIL & OUTCALT.  
H. A. HALL, J. P. OUTCALT

**MATTRESSES,**  
kept on hand and made to order.  
Repairing attended to promptly.

**WINDOW SHADES AND FIXTURES,**  
FOR THE SPRING TRADE.  
Customers wishing these articles, will be furnished  
at **DISCOUNT PRICES.**

**UNDERTAKING.**  
In this branch we are prepared to give entire satis-  
faction, from the plainest to the most costly article.  
Don't forget to give us a call.

**TELEGRAPH LINE**  
IN  
**OPERATION AGAIN!**  
GREAT ATTRACTION.

**Little & Dresbachs**  
Have now in store and receiving a splendid assort-  
ment of

**Staple and Fancy**  
**DRY GOODS**  
suitable for the

**FALL AND WINTER TRADE.**  
WE CALL THE ATTENTION OF  
**EVERYBODY**

to our stock before buying elsewhere. Our stock is heavy  
and complete, as follows: A full assortment of heavy  
woolens and cotton goods,  
**WOOLLEN & COTTON GOODS,**  
for men and boys wear; a choice stock of  
**CALICOES, DELAINES,**  
MERINOES AND ALPACAS

**ALL KINDS OF RICH DRESS GOODS**  
**BLACK AND FANCY SILKS,**  
CLOAKS, SHAWLS, HOSIERY,

Gloves and small wares, White Goods, Linens, Notions,  
and Fancy Goods, and indeed every thing usually  
kept in a dry goods store.

**WALL PAPER, CARPETING, &c.**  
all of which will be sold  
cheap for cash or country produce.

**JIMMY LYONS**  
The Fat Boy  
**ON HAND!**

**Big Stock of Goods.**  
DELANES,  
DELANES,  
CALICOES,  
CALICOES,  
MEN'S SHOES,  
MEN'S BOOTS,WOMEN'S SHOES,  
MISSES SHOES,  
INFANTS SHOES,  
BOYS SHOES,  
YOUTH'S BOOTS,  
YOUTH'S SHOES.

**BROWN MUSLIN 6, 8 & 10 CENTS**  
Fashionable Cloaks, all Prices.  
BLANKET SHAWLS  
JAPANESE SHAWLS  
ALPINE SHAWLS

**HOOP SKIRTS** all sizes and prices. Particular  
attention paid to County Produce.  
**CASH PAID FOR BUTTER.**  
LYONS & SON.  
Lancaster, October 1860—417

**WAGONS AND BUGGIES,**  
and all manner of Farming Utensils,  
such as **CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES,**  
Painted and Varmed, and all kinds of  
wheels, and all other articles  
pertaining to the above.  
Lancaster, May 24, 1860—417

## THE MAN I LIKE.

I like the man, in any sphere,  
Who owns the power of his own life,  
And struggles manfully away,  
Naked on the dunly lap of Fate,  
Or tossed upon the sea of Fate,  
I like the man whom trifles please,  
Whose mighty love still conquers Fate.

I like the man who never broke  
A promise to the heart or ear;  
I like the man who never spoke  
A word unkind or insincere;  
I like the man whose cautious still  
In channels of good work doth run,  
I like the man whose iron will  
Yields not till work is done.

I like the man who never pants  
A low or slenderous tale to heart;  
I like the man who never cares  
A virgin's blush or a virgin's fear,  
I like the man who never belongs  
To any vain or foolish creed;  
I like the man who never wrongs  
A brother, even in thought or deed.

I like the man whose thoughts are pure,  
Who wears within a noble breast,  
A noble heart trained to endure,  
And eye to sorrow hope the best;  
Who promptly, heartily forgives,  
Even as he hopes to be forgiven;  
An earnest, holy life he lives,  
At peace with man, at peace with heaven.

## KATE VALE'S MARRIAGE.

"If ever I marry," Kate Vale used to  
say, half in jest, half in earnest, "the  
happy man—or unhappy one, if you  
please, hal—hal—shall be possessed of  
these three qualifications:

"First, a fortune.  
"Second, good looks.  
"Third, common sense."

I mention the fortune first, because I  
think it the most needful and desirable  
qualification of the three. Although I  
never could think of marrying a fool, or a  
man whose ugliness I should be ashamed  
of, I think to talk sense of one, and  
she for the other, with plenty of money  
would be preferable to living obscure with  
a handsome, intellectual man—to whom  
economy might be necessary."

I do not know how much of this senti-  
ment came from Kate's heart. She un-  
doubtedly indulged in lofty ideas of  
station and style—for her education in the  
duties and aims of life had been deficient  
or rather erroneous, but that she was  
capable of deeper and better feelings none  
ever doubted, who have obtained even a  
partial glimpse of her true woman's nature.

And the time arrived when Kate was  
to take that important step of which she  
had often spoken so lightly—when she  
was to demonstrate to her friends how  
much of her heart was in the words we  
have just quoted.

At the enchanting age of eighteen she  
had many suitors, but as she gave a seri-  
ous thought to more than two, we will  
follow her example, and discarding all  
others, except those favored ones, consid-  
er their relative claims.

If there was any other than a true story,  
I should certainly use an artist's privi-  
lege, and aim to produce an effect by  
making a strong contrast between the two  
favored individuals. If I could have my  
own way, one should be a poor genius and  
something of a knave.

But the truth is—  
Our poor genius—n't very poor either.  
He was by profession a teacher of music,  
and could live very comfortably, by the  
exercise thereof—without the most distant  
hope, however, of ever attaining to  
wealth. Moreover Francis Minot pos-  
sessed excellent qualities, which entitled  
him to be called by elderly people, a "fine  
character," by his companions a "noble  
being," and by the ladies generally a "dar-  
ling."

Kate could not help loving Mr. Frank,  
and he knew it. He was certain she pre-  
ferred his society even to that of Mr. Wel-  
lington, whom alone he saw fit to honor  
with the appellation of rival.

This Mr. Wellington, (his companions  
called him "Duke," was no idiot or  
humbler, as I could have wished him  
to be, in order to make a good story. On  
the contrary, he was a man of good sense,  
good looks and fine manners, and there  
was nothing of the knave about him as I  
could ever ascertain.

Besides this his income was sufficient  
to enable him to live superbly. Also, he  
was considered two or three degrees  
handsomer than Mr. F. Minot.

Therefore the only thing on which  
Frank had to depend, was the power he  
possessed over Kate's sympathies and af-  
fections. The "Duke" although just the  
man for her in every sense, being blessed  
with a fortune, good looks and common  
sense—had never been able to draw those  
out, and the amiable, conceited Mr. Frank  
was not willing to believe that she would  
suffer mere worldly considerations to con-  
trol the aspirations of the heart.

However, one day, he pressed her to  
declare his fate, she said to him, with a  
sigh,  
"Oh, Frank! I am sorry we ever met."

"Sorry!"  
"Yes, for we must now part."  
"Part!" repeated Frank, turning pale.  
It was evident he had not expected this.

"Yes—yes," said Kate, casting down  
her head with another sigh.  
Frank sat by her side, he placed his  
arm around her waist, without heeding  
her feeble resistance; he lowered his voice  
and talked to her until she—proud Kate  
—wept bitterly.

"Kate," said he, then, with a burst of  
passion, "I know you love me but you  
are proud, ambitious, selfish! Now, if  
you would have me leave you, say the  
word and I go."

"Go," murmured Kate, "go."  
"Have you decided?" whispered Frank  
"I have."

He took her hand, gazed a moment,  
tenderly and sorrowfully into her beau-  
tiful, tearful face, and then clasped her to  
his bosom.

She permitted the embrace. She even  
gave way to the impulse, and twined her  
limbs round his neck; but in a moment her  
resolution came to her aid, and she, push-  
ing him from her with a sigh.

"Shall I go?" he articulated.  
A feeble "yes" fell from her lips; and  
an instant later she was lying on the sofa  
sobbing and weeping alone.

To tear the tenuous root of love out  
of her heart had cost her more than she  
anticipated, and the certainty of a gold  
luxury proved but a poor consolation, it  
seemed, for the sacrifices she had made.

She lay long upon the sofa, I say, sob-  
bing and weeping passionately. Gradually  
her grief appeared to exhaust itself.  
Her tears ceased to flow, and at length  
her eyes and cheeks were dry. Her head  
was pillowed on her arm, and her face  
half hidden in a flood of beautiful curls.

The struggle was over. The agony was  
past. She saw Mr. Wellington enter, and  
rose cheerfully to meet him. His man-  
ners pleased—his station and fortune fas-  
cinated her more. He offered her his  
hand—she accepted it. A kiss sealed the  
engagement—but it was not such as Frank  
had given her, and she could scarce re-  
press a sigh!

There was a magnificent wedding—  
splendidly attired, dazzling the eye with  
her beauty thus adorned, with everything  
around swimming in the charmed atmos-  
phere of fairy land, Kate gave her heart  
to the man of her ambition—not her love  
—had chosen.

But, certainly ambition, could not have  
made a better choice. Already she saw  
herself surrounded with a magnificent  
court, of which she saw the acknowledged  
and admitted queen. The favors of for-  
tune were showered upon her, she floated  
luxuriously upon the smooth glassy wave  
of a charmed life.

Nothing was wanting in the whole cir-  
cle of her existence to adorn it, and make  
it bright with happiness. But she was  
not long in discovering that there was  
something wanting in her breast.

Her friends were numerous, her hus-  
band tender, kind, and loving; but all the  
attention and affection could not fill her  
heart. She had once left in chard and  
sympathy moved by a selfish touch—she  
had known the heavenly charm of the  
deep delicious harmony, and now they  
were silent—motionless; muffled so as to  
speak in silks and satins. These chords  
were still and soundless; her heart was  
dead—none the less so because killed with  
a golden shot, having known and felt the  
life of sympathy in its uncooled by the  
life of luxury. In short, Kate, in time,  
became magnificently miserable, splendid-  
ly unhappy.

Then a change became apparent to her  
husband. He could not remain long blind  
to the fact that his love was not returned.  
He sought the company of those whose  
gayety might lead him to forget the sor-  
row and despair of his soul. This shal-  
low joke, however, was unsatisfactory, and  
impelled by a powerful longing for love,  
he went away to warm his heart with a  
strange fire.

Kate saw herself now in the midst of a  
gorgeous desolation, burning with a thirst  
unquenchable by golden streams that  
flowed around her—panting with a hunger  
which not all the food of flattery could ap-  
pease.

She reproached her husband for desert-  
ing her thus, and he answered her with  
angry and desperate taunts of deception,  
and a total lack of love, which smote her  
conscience heavily.

"You do not care for me," he cried,  
"then why do you complain that I be-  
stow elsewhere the affection you have met  
with coldness?"

"But it is wrong—sinful," Kate remon-  
strated.  
"Yes, I know it," said her husband  
fiercely.

"It is the evil fruit of an evil soul. And  
who sowed that seed? Who gave me a  
hand without a heart? Who became the  
sharer of my fortune but gave me no  
share of her sympathy? Who devoted  
me to the fate of a loving, unloved hus-  
band? Nay do not weep and clasp your  
hands, and sigh and sob with such de-  
spiration and impatience, for I say no-  
thing you do not deserve to hear."

"Very well," said Kate, I do not say  
your reproaches are undeserved. But  
granting I am the cold, deceitful thing  
you call me, you know this state of things  
cannot continue."

"Yes, I know it."  
"Well!"  
Mr. Wellington's brow gathered dark-  
ly—his eyes flashed with determination  
—his lips curled with scorn.

"I have made up my mind," said he,  
"that we should not live together any  
longer. I am tired of being called the  
husband of a wife; do you know what  
they should mean? Do you feel that the  
only true union is that of love and sym-  
pathy? Then enough of this humbug."  
Farwell, I go to congenial friends, about  
things of separation. Nay, do not trem-  
ble and cry, and cling to me now—I shall  
be liberal to you. As much of my for-  
tune shall be yours as your desire."

He pushed her from him. She fell up-  
on the sofa. From a heart torn with an-  
guish she shrieked aloud:  
"Frank! Frank! why did I send you  
from me? Why was I blind until sight  
brought me misery?"

She lay upon the sofa, sobbing and  
weeping passionately. Gradually her  
grief appeared to exhaust itself; her  
breathing calm; her eyes and cheeks dry;  
her head lay peacefully on her arm, over  
which swept her dishevelled tresses—un-  
til, with a start, she cried—  
"Frank! Frank!—come back!"

"Here I am," said a soft voice by her  
side. She raised her head. She opened  
her astonished eyes. Frank was standing  
before her.

"You have been asleep," he said smil-  
ing kindly.  
"Asleep!"  
"And dreaming, too, I should say—  
not pleasantly either."  
"Dreaming?" murmured Kate, and is it  
all a dream?"

"I hope so," replied Frank, taking her  
hand.  
"You could not mean to send me away  
from you so cruelly I know. So I wait-  
ed in your father's study where I have  
been talking with him all of an hour. I  
came back to plead my cause once more,  
and found you here, where I left you—  
asleep."

"Oh! what a horrible dream!" mur-  
mured Kate, rubbing her eyes. "It was  
so like a terrible reality that I shudder  
now to think of it. I thought I was mar-  
ried!"

"And would that be so horrible?" asked  
Frank. "I hope then, you did not  
dream you were married to me?"  
"No, I thought I gave my hand with-  
out my heart."

"Then if you gave me your hand, it  
would not be without your heart."  
"No, Frank," said Kate; her bright  
eyes beaming happily through her tears,  
"and here it is."

And soon there was a real marriage—  
not a life-and-death, but a happy one—followed  
by a life of love, contentment, and that  
was the marriage of Frank Minot and  
Kate Vale.

**A Lively Scene at a Virginia Meeting.**  
At a public meeting recently held in  
Warrenton, Fauquier county, Virginia,  
the following passage of words occurred  
between ex-Governor Smith and General  
Carrington.

Governor Smith entering the room while  
General Carrington was speaking, and tak-  
ing his seat upon the stand, General Car-  
rington remarked: I am glad to see your  
representative in Congress, my friend  
Governor Smith, present. I come for  
consultation, not discussion. I wish him  
to advise us what our duty is in this  
emergency. Are you aware that the State  
of Virginia raised the first volunteer com-  
pany for the Mexican war? Before a gun  
was fired in Mexico by the American ar-  
my, a company of one hundred and fifty  
men was raised in the city of Richmond.

The captain uniformed the company at his  
own expense, or rather at his father's ex-  
pense—the debt was repaid by the Vir-  
ginia legislature, mainly through the in-  
fluence of Mr. Hunter, of Jefferson, and  
Robert E. Scott, of Fauquier. He went  
to Washington City, and tendered their  
services to President Polk. The Presi-  
dent said they were not needed at that  
time. The person who raised and com-  
manded that company was the humble in-  
dividual who now addresses you, then  
twenty years of age. Six months after-  
wards, a formal requisition was made up-  
on the State of Virginia for volunteers. I  
raised a second company of about one hun-  
dred boys. I led them to Mexico. Some  
forty or fifty of them now sleep under the  
color of a foreign soil.

She reproached her husband for desert-  
ing her thus, and he answered her with  
angry and desperate taunts of deception,  
and a total lack of love, which smote her  
conscience heavily.

"You do not care for me," he cried,  
"then why do you complain that I be-  
stow elsewhere the affection you have met  
with coldness?"

"But it is wrong—sinful," Kate remon-  
strated.  
"Yes, I know it," said her husband  
fiercely.

"It is the evil fruit of an evil soul. And  
who sowed that seed? Who gave me a  
hand without a heart? Who became the  
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share of her sympathy? Who devoted  
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hands, and sigh and sob with such de-  
spiration and impatience, for I say no-  
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your reproaches are undeserved. But  
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you call me, you know this state of things  
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guish she shrieked aloud:  
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from me? Why was I blind until sight  
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And soon there was a real marriage—  
not a life-and-death, but a happy one—followed  
by a life of love, contentment, and that  
was the marriage of Frank Minot and  
Kate Vale.

Governor Smith made no answer, and  
General Carrington continued his argu-  
ment. When General Carrington con-  
cluded, Gov. Smith addressed the audience.  
He recounted the wrongs the South had  
suffered from the North, and said that he  
was surprised that his friend General Car-  
rington has used the craven argument of  
fear.

General Carrington immediately sprang  
to his feet and said: "I deny it! I deny  
it! No man can charge me with appealing  
to base a motive. On the contrary, I  
said that all Virginians, I with the rest,  
were ready to die for their native State,  
when you show that the time has arrived  
to make the sacrifice. I appeal to the  
people." [Cries from all parties of the  
house, "That's so! You did not appeal  
to our fears, &c." "We will trust you."  
"We will trust you." "We want you  
back in old Virginia."]

Governor Smith said—"I would not  
misrepresent my friend; I misunderstood  
him."

General Carrington then said, appealing  
to the Governor: You are the represen-  
tative in Congress. You are known thro'-  
out Virginia and the country. We want  
your opinion. Is it the duty of Virginia  
now, now, to join South Carolina, and wage  
war against the Federal Government?

The Governor replied, but it was not  
considered satisfactory. The crowd called  
for a direct answer.

Here Mr. B. H. Shackelford rose in the  
crowd and said, "Governor Smith, you  
are our representative in Congress; will  
you answer the question, are you for war  
or peace, now, now? Shall we join South  
Carolina now, and wage war with the fed-  
eral government?"

Governor Smith—"I will go with Vir-  
ginia."

Mr. Shackelford—"That does not an-  
swer my question. We will all go with  
Virginia. What shall South Carolina do  
now? Shall she secede and join South Car-  
olina now?"

Governor Smith—"I will answer my  
friend. I love this Union, and I do not  
think we should secede and dissolve the Union  
now; but I want guarantees."

Mr. Shackelford—"Then we agree—  
[Here there was great applause.]"

If it were not for misfortune, there  
would be but little wisdom.  
The test of enjoyment is the re-  
membrance that it leaves behind it.

**Great Union Prayer of Rev. Thomas H.**  
Stockton in the House of Representatives.

The opening of the second session of the  
Thirty-sixth Congress, this morning, at  
12 o'clock, was signalized by unusual so-  
lemnity. The galleries were crowded, and  
a large majority of the members were pres-  
ent. Mr. Speaker Pennington appeared  
at the Clerk's desk, accompanied by the  
venerable Mr. Stockton, of Philadelphia,  
Chaplain of the House, who rose and pro-  
nounced the following impressive prayer  
with a tone and manner which I cannot  
describe. His white hair and almost  
ghostly appearance made him look like a  
messenger sent from the other world. He  
seemed to regard the men before him like  
mortals as they are, and to have risen  
above the tempests of party faction and  
bitterness. He spoke as if he had been in-  
spired to speak by the Deity. He recog-  
nized no divisions, no sections, but one  
country, and in his description of the  
blessings of the Union, his whole soul  
trembled on his lips, and his appeal